

STOIP 172 RE

# THE LITERARY JOURNAL, AND WEEKLY REGISTER OF SCIENCE AND THE ARTS.

PUBLISHED BY JOSEPH KNOWLES AND CO. AT NUMBER NINE, MARKET-SQUARE; WHERE SUBSCRIPTIONS ARE RECEIVED.

VOL. I. PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1834. NO. 39.

## Tales and Miscellanies.

From the "Modern Traveller."

### ATHENS.

Athens, were we to attempt the illustration of its history and antiquities, would of itself require a volume; but the numerous publications in which they are minutely described, supersede the necessity of our entering upon the seductive and boundless field. Through the publication of Stuart, more especially, Sir W. Gell remarks, "Athens has become more known than the other cities"—he might have said, than any other city—"of Greece." Research, indeed, would seem to be not yet exhausted. Mr Dodwell has contributed some highly valuable illustrative matter; and still, there seems scope for investigation and disquisition interminable. From the perplexities of our present task, we can extricate ourselves by adhering to the brief and melancholy account of its present state, which is furnished by the most recent travellers.

In 1812, Athens could boast of a population of twelve thousand souls, not more than a fifth part of whom were Turks; and the constant influx of foreigners gave it a more lively, social, and agreeable aspect, than any other town in Greece. Even the Turks were remarked to have lost something of their harshness by coming in contact with so many Europeans, and to have acquired quiet and inoffensive habits. Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans might almost always be found here; Englishmen, however, generally, in a tenfold proportion to others, and taking Athens as a resting-place, or a centre to more extensive research. "From whatsoever part of Turkey the traveller may arrive," says Dr. Holland, "he finds himself (at Athens) coming to a sort of home, where various comforts may be obtained that are unknown elsewhere in this country. Society is more attainable, and the Greek females enter into it, in general, with much less restraint than in Ioannina or other Greek towns." In fact, instead of a wretched straggling village, like Corinth, or a collection of huts scattered among the ruins of temples, Athens presented the appearance of "a large and flourishing town, well peopled, and containing many excellent houses, with various appendages belonging to the better stages of cultivated life."

Such was modern Athens at the beginning of the present century; but the ruthless contest which had been carried on during the Greek Revolution, left but a mass of ruins. It has been the scene of frightful massacre, devastating siege, and repeated conflicts. Mr Waddington thus described its appearance in 1824:

"The modern town of Athens was never remarkable for beauty, or regularity of construction: it has now suffered the demolition of about one third of its buildings. Many Turkish houses were burned by the Greeks, in the first siege of the citadel: many Greek houses were destroyed during the occupation of the place by Omer Brioni: and many of both have fallen into the streets, from mere humidity and neglect. The churches and mosques have not met with greater mercy in this religious war; and even the ashes of the dead have not been allowed to repose in security. The spacious Turkish

burial-ground, at the foot of the Areopagus, formerly solemn and sacred, and now scattered over with the fragments of its monuments, and profaned by the insults of the conqueror, attests the fury of a revenge not to be satiated by blood.—That part of the town which lay immediately under the Northern or Pelasgic wall of the citadel, where the house of the poor Lusieri will be recollected as very distinguished, has naturally suffered the most severely.

"The Greeks had scarcely obtained possession of the Acropolis, before they made two discoveries, which could never have been predestined to any Mussulman. The one was a small subterraneous chapel, underneath (or nearly so) the right wing of the Propylæum, and which appeared to have been long filled with rubbish: the other was the celebrated Fountain of Pan, rising so near the North-West corner of the citadel, that it was immediately enclosed by a new bastion; and being now comprehended within the walls, it renders their defenders nearly indifferent to the caprices of the wind and clouds. In the midst of so much of devastation, I am deeply consoled in being able to add, that very trifling injury has been sustained by the remains of antiquity. The Parthenon, as the noblest, has also been the severest sufferer; for the Lantern of Demosthenes, which had been much defaced by the conflagration of the convent, of which it formed a part, has already received some repairs from the care of the French Vice Consul. Any damage of the Parthenon is irreparable. It appears that the Turks, having expended all their balls, broke down the South-West end of the wall of the *cella*, in search of lead; and boast to have been amply rewarded for their barbarous labor. But this is the extent of the damage. No column has been overthrown, nor any of the sculptures displaced or disfigured. I believe all the monuments, except these two, to have escaped unviolated by the hand of war; but almost at the moment of the commencement of the Revolution, the Temple of Theseus was touched by a flash of propitious lightning, so little injurious to the building, that we might be tempted to consider it as an omen of honor and victory.

"The present miseries of the Athenians, are exceeded only by those of the Scioti and others, who have suffered absolute slavery or expatriation; for, amid such aggravations of living wretchedness, we have not a tear to waste on those who have perished. Three times has that unhappy people emigrated almost in a body, and sought refuge from the sabre among the houseless rocks of Salamis. Upon these occasions, I am assured, that many have dwelt in caverns, and many in miserable huts, constructed on the mountain sides, by their own feeble hands. Many have perished, too, from an exposure to an intemperate climate; many from diseases contracted through the loathsomeness of their habitations; many from hunger and misery. On the retreat of the Turks, the survivors returned to their country. But to what a country did they return! To a land of desolation and famine; and, in fact, on the first re-occupation of Attica, after the departure of Omer Brioni, several persons are known to have subsisted for some time on grass, till a supply of corn reached the Peireus from Syra and Hydra.

"In my daily rides among the mountains and villages, I observed little else than distress or poverty. The villages are half burned and half deserted; the peasants civil, but suspicious; the convents abandoned or defaced, and their large massive gates shattered with musket-balls; while human bones may sometimes be discovered bleaching in the melancholy solitude. In the mean time, there is no appearance of depression or indolence. A great portion of the ground is cultivated, and crops are sown, in the uncertainty who may reap them 'for the immortal gods'; the olives, too, and the vineyards, are receiving almost the same labor which would be bestowed upon them in a time of profound peace.

"In the city, the bazar exhibits a scene of some animation; and, owing to the great influx of refugees from Thebes and Livadia, some of whom have even preserved a part of their property; there is here no appearance of depopulation.—There is even occasionally some inclination to gayety; genuine, native hilarity will sometimes have its course, in spite of circumstances; and the maids of Athens will dance their Romaic, in the very face of misery. But it will scarcely be credited, that the celebration of the Carnival is at this instant proceeding with great uproar and festivity. Drunken buffoons, harlequins, and painted jesters are riotously parading the streets, while Gourra's sulky Albanians sit frowning at the fortress-gate, and the Turks and the plague are preparing to rush down from Negropont and Carysto.

"It is true, however, that this delirium is by no means universal. Very many of the inhabitants are far too deeply sunk in wretchedness to respond to any voice of mirth.—The pale and trembling figures of women, who stand like spectres by the walls of their falling habitations; the half-

naked and starving infants, who shiver at their breasts; the faces of beauty, tinged with deepest melancholy, which timidly present themselves at the doors and windows of their prisons rather than their houses—objects such as these are so numerous, and so productive of painful sympathy, as to leave us little pleasure in the contemplation of the progress of revolution; and Athens, however erect in her pride of independence, affords a very mournful and afflicting spectacle."

Count Pecchio landed at the Piræus in the spring of the following year. It was the time of barley-harvest, and the road to Athens was thronged with women and children, coming from the city to engage in the labors of the field, and to secure their produce before the Turks, like locusts, should arrive to lay waste the country. After a two hour's walk, amid olive-trees and vineyards, he entered Athens. The streets were full of *palikars*; but the houses were empty, the families and furniture being withdrawn. General Gourra had given orders for the women and children to evacuate the city, and had placed the Acropolis in a condition to sustain a two years' siege. "If, therefore," adds the Count, "the Turks should wish to gain possession of Athens by force, they would purchase with their blood, only heaps of stones: for, excepting a few houses, all the rest of the city is a ruinous wilderness."

The temple of Minerva Parthenos in the Acropolis, is still, however, "the most magnificent ruin in the world." Though "an entire museum" has been transported to England, from the spoils of this wonderful edifice, it remains without a rival. The history of this beautiful fabric is the history of Greece. First a temple sacred to the goddess of Wisdom, it was next converted into a church, consecrated to the idolatrous worship of the Panagia; and, lastly, was transformed by the Ottomans into a mosque. Alaric the Goth is supposed to have commenced the work of destruction. The Venetians, who besieged the Acropolis in 1687, threw a bomb, which demolished the roof, and did much damage to the fabric. Since then, the Turks have made it a quarry, and virtuosi and noble antiquaries have more than rivalled them, in the work of havoc and spoliation, destroying

"What Goth, and Turk, and Time have spared."

War and "wasting fire" will probably, ere long, complete the demolition of "Athena's poor remains."

The neighboring islands of Ægina and Salamis, (now called Colouris,) had entirely escaped from the devastating fury of the Turks, and had repeatedly afforded shelter to the fugitive population of Attica. The former, pronounced by Sir W. Gell 'one of the most interesting spots in Greece,' has of late years been rising into importance and prosperity, owing to its connexion with the commerce of Hydra. The inhabitants had formerly lived chiefly in a city built by the Venetians upon a mountain in the interior; but the love of commerce induced them to prefer the sea-shore, and they accordingly chose the site of the ancient Ægina. Here, in 1825, the emigrations caused by the Revolution, had assembled a mixed population of about ten thousand Greeks from all parts. Mr Waddington states the number of refugees from Scio, Aivali, and Livadia, at nearly twelve thousand; of whom about a fifth were men. To these were subsequently added about one thousand Ipsariots, who, after the catastrophe which befel their native island, in 1824, sought an asylum here, where those who had preserved any property, continued to prosecute their maritime and commercial employments. Ipsara is an arid, sterile rock; Ægina, on the contrary, is a beautiful island, fertile, well cultivated, and under a delightful sky; yet still, Count Pecchio states, the Ipsariots sighed for their barren island.

The temple of Jupiter Panhellenius, situated on a mount of the same name, about four hours from the port, is supposed to be one of the most ancient temples in Greece. The approach, by a winding path ascending through rich and varied scenery, is exquisitely attractive, and nothing can exceed the beauty of the situation. The ruin stands on the top of a wooded hill, of moderate height, but commanding a noble view of the greater part of the island, the whole of the Gulf, Salamis, and some of the more distant islands, the coast of Attica from the Scironian rocks to Cape Colonna, the Parthenon and Eleusis. The temple is remote from any human habitation, and was formerly surrounded with shrubs and small pine trees. "No ruin in Greece," Mr Dodwell says, "is more rich in the picturesque; as every point of view has some peculiar charm." It originally consisted of thirty-six Doric columns, exclusive of those within the *cella*, six at each end, and twelve on each side. Within the *cella*, were ten smaller columns, five on each side, supporting the roof, the lower parts of which still retain their ancient positions. Twenty-five columns were left entire in 1806. The greater

"To give a detailed account of every thing which has been hitherto deemed worthy of notice in such a city as Athens," is the remark of Dr. Clarke, (and we may be allowed to adopt his apology,) "would be as much a work of supererogation, as to republish all the inscriptions which have been found in the place." Till towards the latter end of the sixteenth century, however, Athens had so totally ceased to attract attention, that the city was believed to have been totally destroyed. Crusius, a learned German, first endeavored, in 1584, to awaken public curiosity respecting its remains, and to promote investigation. De La Guilleriere, in 1675, was the first traveller who published a description of the city and its antiquities. He was followed by Sir George Wheeler and Dr. Spon. During the last and the present century, the publications relating to Athens have been constantly multiplying. Chandler, who visited Greece in 1765, devotes thirty-eight chapters (considerably more than half) of his second volume, to Athens and its vicinity. Much of his description, however, is borrowed from the larger and splendid work of Stuart and Revett. Mr Dodwell has devoted no fewer than 230 quarto pages to this favorite subject; and Dr. Clarke, who professes to confine himself to such observations as had not been made by preceding travellers, occupies three chapters (upwards of 80 pages, 8vo. edition,) with his description of the city. Mr Hobhouse has 100 pages (4to.) upon Athens. M. Chateaubriand contents himself with about 40 pages of sentimental description. In Sir W. Gell's *Itinerary of Greece*, (p. 35—47) will be found a brief and useful catalogue of the objects of chief interest. A learned paper on the Topography of Athens, by Mr Hawkins, is inserted in Walpole's *Memoirs*, and in the same volume, are contained other communications relating to Attica.



part of the architrave, also, was still remaining, but the cornice with the *metopæ* and triglyphs, had all fallen. The temple is built of a soft, porous stone, coated with a thin stucco; and the architraves and cornice were elegantly painted. The pavement was found to be covered with a fine stucco, of a vermillion color. The platform upon which it stands, has been supported on all sides by terrace walls. In the rock beneath, there is a cave, apparently leading under the temple, and which was doubtless once employed in the mysteries of the old idolatry.

[The following originally appeared, about twenty years ago, in one of the English Magazines. The estimate which it gives of the relative merits of the different poets, is, in most respects, as true at the present time, as it was when the effusion was written; although if the sketches were now to be re-drawn, the author would, of course, materially vary the grouping and coloring of some of his figures.]

### THE PILGRIMAGE OF POETS TO THE STREAM OF CASTALY.

"Who now shall give unto me words and sound  
Equal unto this haughty enterprise?" SPENSER.

I am one of those unfortunate youths to whom the muse has glanced a sparkling of her light—one of those who pant for distinction, but have not within them that immortal power which alone can command it. There are many—some, sir, may be known to you—who feel keenly and earnestly the eloquence of heart and mind in others, but who cannot, from some inability or unobtrusiveness, clearly express their own thoughts and feelings: whose lives are but long and silent dreams of romantic pleasures and poetic wonderment—who almost adore the matchless fancies of genuine bards, and love them as interpreters and guardians of those visionary delights which are the perpetual inmates of their bosoms.—I love the poets—I live in the light of their fancies. It is my best delight to wander forth on summer evenings, when the air is fresh and clear, and the leaves of the trees are making music with it; and the birds are busy with their wings, fluttering themselves to rest; and a brook is murmuring along, almost inaudibly; and the sun is going quietly down—it is at this time delicious to muse over the works of our best bards. Some time last year, I had roamed in an evening like to one of those I have spoken of; and, after dwelling on the fairy beauties of Spenser, and from thence passing to the poets of my own time, and comparing the latter with some that had gone before, I cast myself on a romantic bank by a brook side. The silence around me—save the home-returning bee with its "drowsy hum," and the moaning sound of distant cattle, and the low, sullen gurgling of waters, lulled me into a sleep. The light of my thoughts gilded my dream—my vision was a proof of mental existence when the bodily sense had passed away.

Methought—this I believe is the established language of dreams—methought I was walking idly along a romantic vale, which was surrounded with majestic and rugged mountains; a small stream struggled through it, and its waves seemed the brightest crystal I had ever witnessed. I sat me down on its margin, which was rocky and beautiful—(so far my vision was copied directly from life.)—As I mused, a female figure rose like a silvery mist from the waters, and advanced, with a countenance full of light, and a form of living air: her garments floated round her like waves, and her hair basked on her shoulders,

"Like sunny beams on alabaster rocks."

There was a touch of immortality in her eyes—and, indeed, her visage altogether was animated with a more than earthly glory. She approached me with smiles, and told me she was the guardian of the stream that flowed near—and that the stream itself was the true *Castalian*, which so many "rave of, though they know it not." I turned with fresh delight to gaze on the water; its music sounded heavenly to me;—I fancied that there was a pleasant *dactylic* motion in its waves. The Spirit said, that from the love I bore to her favorite, Spenser, she would permit me to see (myself unseen) the annual procession of living bards to fetch water from the stream, on that day. I looked her my thanks as well as I was able. She likewise informed me, that it was customary for each poet, as he received his portion, to say in what manner he meant to use it. The voice of the Spirit was such as fancy has heard in some wild and lovely spot among the hills or lakes of this world at twilight time: I felt my soul full of music while listening to it, and held my breath in very excess of delight. Suddenly I heard the sound of approaching feet, and a confused mingling of voices: the Spirit touched me into invisibility, and then softly faded into sunny air herself.

In a little time, I saw a motly crowd advancing confusedly to the stream: I soon perceived that they were each provided with vessels to bear away some portion of the immortal waters. They all paused at a little distance from the spot on which I was reclining; and then each walked singly and slowly from the throng, and dipped his vessel in the blue, wild wave of Castaly. I will endeavor to describe the manner and words of the most interesting of our living poets on

this most interesting occasion. The air about the spot seemed brighter with their presence, and the waves danced along with a livelier delight: Pegasus might be seen coursing the wind in wild rapture on one of the neighboring mountains—and sounds of glad and viewless wings were heard at intervals in the air, as if "troops of spirits were revelling overhead and rejoicing at the scene."

And first, methought, a lonely and melancholy figure slowly moved forth, and silently filled a Grecian urn: I knew by the look of nobility, and the hurried and turbulent plunge with which the vessel was dashed into the stream, that the owner was Lord Byron. He shed some tears while gazing on the water, and they seemed to make it purer and fairer: he declared that he would keep the urn by him, untouched "for some years;" but he had scarcely spoken, ere he had sprinkled forth some careless drops on the earth. He suddenly retreated.

There then advanced a polite personage very oddly clad: he had a breast-plate on, and over that a Scotch plaid—and, strange to say, with these, silk stockings and dress shoes:—this gentleman brought an old helmet for a vessel: I guessed him to be Sir Walter Scott. His helmet did not hold enough for a very deep draught, but the water it contained took a pleasant sparkle from the warlike metal, which shone through its shallowness. He said he had disposed of his portion on advantageous terms.

Next came Thomas Moore. You might have known him by the wild lustre of his eye, and the fine freedom of his air; he gaily dipped a goblet in the tide, and vowed, in his high-spirited manner, that he would turn his share to nectar: he departed with smiles. I heard the wings play pleasantly in the air, while he was bending over the stream.

I now perceived a person advance whom I knew to be Southey. His brow was bound with a wreath of faded laurel, which had every mark of town growth. He appeared quite bewildered, and scarcely could remember his way to the inspiring stream. His voice was chaunting the praises of kings and courts as he advanced—but he dropped some little poems behind him, as he passed me, which were very opposite in tone to what he himself uttered. He was compelled to stoop before he could reach the water, and the gold vessel which he used, procured but little at last. He declared that his intention was to make sack of what he obtained. On retiring, he mounted a cream-colored horse which was in waiting, and set off, in uneven paces, to St. James'.

Then appeared Rogers, with a glass in his hand, which, from the cypher engraved thereon, had evidently once belonged to Oliver Goldsmith. He caught but a few drops, and these he meant to make the most of, by mingling them with common water.

Crabbe, with a firm step and steady countenance, walked sedately to the stream, and plunged a wooden bowl into it. He observed that he should make strong ale for the country people, of all that he took away; and that, after the first brewing, he should charitably allow Mr Fitzgerald to make small beer for his own use.

In a pensive attitude, Montgomery sauntered to the water's brink: he there mused awhile, uttered a few somethings of half poetry and half prayer, dipped a little mug of Sheffield ware in the wave, and retired in tears.

With a wild yet nervous step, Campbell came from the throng: light visions started up in the fair distance as he moved, and the figure of *Hope* could be faintly discerned amidst them; she smiled on him as he advanced. He dipped his bowl in the stream with a fine bold air, and expressed his intention of analyzing part of the water which he procured.

Next came Hunt, with a rich, fanciful goblet in his hand, finely enamelled with Italian landscapes: he held the cup to his breast as he approached, and his eyes sparkled with frank delight. After catching a wave, in which a sun-beam seemed freshly melted, he intimated that he should water hearts-ease and many favorite flowers with it. The sky appeared of a deep blue as he was retiring.

Lord Strangford would now have advanced, but the voice of the Spirit forbade him—as he did not come for the water on his own account.

Coleridge, Lamb, and Lloyd, walked forth arm in arm, and moved gently to the stream: they conversed, as they passed, on the beauties of the country, on its peaceful associations, and on the purity of domestic affections. Their conversation then turned to poetry; and from the simplicity of the remarks of Lloyd and Lamb, I found that their very hearts were wedded to innocence and peace. Coleridge talked in a higher strain; but he at last confused himself with the abstruseness of his own observations. He hinted at a metaphysical poem he was about to write, in one hundred books. Lamb remarked to him that he should prefer one of his affectionate and feeling sonnets to all his wanderings of mind.—Each of these poets held in his hand a simple porringer—declaring that it brought the finest recollections of frugal fare and country quiet: Lamb and Lloyd dipped in a bright but rather shallow part of the stream; Coleridge went to the depths, where he might have caught the purest water, had he not unfortunately clouded it with the sand which he himself disturbed at the bottom. Lamb and Lloyd stated that they should take their porringers home, and share their contents with the amiable and simple hearts dwelling there;—Coleridge was not positive as to the use to which he should

apply his portion of the stream, till he had ascertained what were the physical reasons for the sand's propensity to mount and curl itself in water: he thought, however, of clubbing it with the portions of his companions, and making a lake of the whole. These three poets left the stream in the same manner they approached it.

Last came a calm and majestic figure, moving serenely towards the stream: the celandines and small flowers sprang up to catch the pressure of his feet; the sun-light fell with a finer glow around; spirits rustled most mirthfully and musically in the air, and a wing every now and then twinkled into sight—like the autumn leaf that trembles and flashes up to the sun—and its feathers of wavy gold were almost too sparkling to be looked upon. The waters of Castaly ran brighter as he approached, and seemed to play and dimple with pleasure in his presence. It was Wordsworth! In his hand he held a vase of pure crystal—and, when he had reached the brink of the stream, the wave proudly swelled itself into his cup: at this moment the sunny air above his brow became embodied, and the glowing and lightsome Spirit shone into being, and dropped a garland on his forehead:—sounds ethereal swelled, and trembled, and revelled in the air,—and forms of light played in and out of sight,—and all around seemed like a living world of breathing poetry.—Wordsworth bent with reverence over the vase, and declared that the waters he had obtained should be the refreshment of his soul; he then raised his countenance—which had become illuminated from the wave over which he had bowed—and retired with a calm dignity.

The sounds of stirring wings now ceased; the air became less bright; and the flowers died away upon the banks.—No other poet remained to obtain water from the Castalian stream—but still it sparkled and played along, with a soul-like and melodious sound. On a sudden, I heard a confusion of tongues behind me; on turning round, I found that it arose from a mistaken set of gentlemen who were chattering, and bustling, and dipping at a little brook, which they deemed was the true Castalian: their splashing, and vociferation, and bustle, can only be imagined by those who have seen a flock of geese wash themselves in a pond, with gabbling importance. There was Spenser, with a goblet, lent to him by a lady of quality; and Hayley, simpering, and bowing, and reaching with a tea-cup at the water; and Wilson, with a child's pap-spoon; and Bowles, laboriously engaged in filling fourteen nut-shells; and Lewis, slowly and mysteriously plunging an old skull into the brook; while poor Cottle, fumed and angered, but scarcely reached the stream at last.—There were no encouraging signs in the elements—no delightful sounds of attendant spirits—no springing up of flowers, to cheer these worthies in their pursuits: they seemed perfectly satisfied with their own greatness, and were flattered into industry by their own vanity and loudness. After some time, the perpetual activity of tongues fatigued my ear, and I turned myself from the noisy crowd, towards the silent heavens. There, to my astonished and delighted eyes, appeared Shakespeare, surrounded with excessive light, with Spenser on the one hand, and Milton on the other—and with the best of our early bards thronging about them. One glance of his eye scared the silly multitude from the brook; then, amidst unearthly music, he calmly ascended, and was lost in the splendors of the sky.

At this moment, I awoke—and musing on the wonders of my dream, slowly bent my way homewards.

From Colman's Sermons.

### SOURCES OF POVERTY.

One of the great causes of poverty, is vice. We would not, by any means, insinuate that a majority of the poor are vicious. Far from it; in proportion to their numbers, we believe that there is as much virtue among the poor as the rich. Of those, however, who become objects of public relief and the inmates of our pauper establishments, without doubt, a large proportion of them, are brought there by their own, or the vices of those upon whom they were dependent, and who dragged them down with themselves. This is a well-ascertained fact; and it is among the obvious retributions of Divine Providence, that drunkenness, debauchery, idleness, and wilful improvidence, should in most cases in this world, be followed by dreadful penalties, the loss of substance, incapacity of acquisition, ruin of credit, desertion of friends, discontent, recklessness, and despair; and a degradation, infamy, and wretchedness, commensurate with the guilt, and aggravated by the bitter consciousness of just desert.

One of the next great causes of poverty, is a want of faculty. The art of living or of procuring a livelihood in such a community as ours, is a considerable matter, and requires a knowledge, judgment, and sagacity, of which, a large portion of mankind are not possessed. They are ignorant;—they are simple. They are incapable of directing themselves; and especially, they lack judgment. They become inefficient. They are unable to make the proper use of the advantages which they have. They are wasteful of the means of subsistence and comfort, which are at any time in their possession. They have a certain recklessness and indifference towards the future, which forbids any thing like frugality. They are easily imposed upon by the overreach-



ing and cunning, and villany of those harpies, who take every possible advantage of their simplicity and necessities; and are ready always, under some deceitful pretence, to plunder them of any miserable pittance, which may be thrown in their way.

Aversion to labor is another great cause of poverty. Labor requires resolution, effort, and perseverance. These are, therefore, difficult, and are not the effect of any sudden determination, but of early and long continued practice and habit. In a community furnishing innumerable incitements and facilities to dissipation, and where pleasure constitutes the great pursuit of a large portion, labor comes naturally to be considered a hardship; and false notions and improper education represent labor as degrading; and of course increase the general aversion to it. But the wise appointments of Divine Providence are fixed; ordinarily the goods of life are to be acquired only at the price of labor. The original law is permanent; and man must get his bread by the sweat of his brow. Idleness tends to poverty, as well as to crime; and much of the want, which exists among us, is to be traced immediately to an utter indisposition to labor. In our happy country, labor is always in demand, and seldom fails of its reward; much of the poverty which exists, therefore, is to be ascribed to idleness, negligence, and that ridiculous and contemptible pride, which makes us ashamed of honest work.

Luxury and extravagance are great sources of poverty.—A large part of the community are living beyond their means. They cover their tables with wasteful abundance; they trick themselves out in all sorts of expensive finery—they are ready to engage in every party of pleasure. Anticipating profits, which will never be realized, living wholly upon credit, emulating and often greatly surpassing in their wasteful and criminal expenditures, the example of the most affluent, the consequences may in general be foreseen. They soon find themselves embarrassed; they plunge deeper into the most hazardous speculations, putting their neighbor's property at risk; they explode when at their greatest height; and then comes bankruptcy both of purse and character; and poverty reposes like an incubus upon the individual and his family, and crushes him to the ground. Happy for him, if the early foresight of a result, which it requires little sagacity to predict, does not involve him in a much heavier calamity than poverty; I mean the guilt of cheating and fraud; the crime of concealing property, which does not belong to him; and setting his honest creditors at defiance.

This sort of luxury and extravagance is not confined to any class in society. Those who assume to be the highest, practise it; and their example is followed by the lowest; so that the fruits of labor are prodigally wasted and consumed in indulgences, excesses, and extravagances, to which no man has the shadow of right, who cannot discharge his just debts; and in which a man is both mad and wicked to allow himself or those dependant on him, to the utter disregard of the future and of the ordinary accidents of life.

From the Foreign Quarterly Review.

#### EDUCATION IN PRUSSIA.

All parents, in Prussia, are bound by law to send their children to the public elementary schools, or to satisfy the authorities that their education is sufficiently provided for, at home. This regulation is of considerable antiquity; it was confirmed by Frederick the Great in 1763, and was introduced into the Prussian Landrecht, or code, in 1794, and finally it was adopted in the law of 1819, which forms the basis of the actual system of Prussia. The obligation in question, extends not only to parents and guardians, but to all persons who have power over children, such as manufacturers and masters of apprentices, and applies to children of both sexes, from their seventh to their fourteenth year complete. Twice a year, the school committee and the municipal authorities make a list of the children in their district whose parents do not provide for their education, and require the attendance of all who are within the prescribed age.—this attendance is dispensed with if satisfaction is given that the children will be properly instructed elsewhere; but the parents are nevertheless bound to contribute to the school to which their children would naturally belong. Lists of attendance kept by the schoolmaster are delivered every fortnight to the school committee. In order to facilitate the regular attendance of the children, and yet not altogether deprive the parents of their assistance, the hours of lessons in the elementary schools are arranged in such a manner as to leave the children, every day, some hours for domestic labors. The schoolmasters are prohibited by severe penalties from employing their scholars in household work. The schools are closed on Sundays; but the evenings, after divine service and the catechism, may be devoted to gymnastic exercises. Care is taken to enable poor parents to obey the law, by providing their children with books and clothes. "It is to be hoped (says the law) that facilities and assistance of this kind, the moral and religious influence of clergymen, and the good advice of members of the school committees and the municipal authorities, will cause the people gradually to appreciate the advantages of a good elementary education; and will infuse among young persons, the desire of obtaining knowledge, which will lead them to seek it of their own accord."

If, however, the parents omit to send their children to school, the clergyman is first to acquaint them with the importance of the duty which they neglect; and if his exhortation is not sufficient, the school committee may summon them, and remonstrate with them severely. The only excuses admitted, are a certificate of ill health by a medical man, the absence of the children with their parents, or the want of clothes. If all remonstrances fail, the children may be taken to school by a policeman, or the parents, guardians, or masters brought before the committee, and fined, or imprisoned in default of payment, or condemned to hard labor for the benefit of the commune. These punishments may be increased up to a certain limit for successive infractions of the law. Whenever the parents are condemned to imprisonment or hard labor, care is to be taken that their children are not abandoned during the time of their punishment. Parents who neglect this duty to their children, are to lose all claim to pecuniary relief from the public, except the allowance for instruction, which however is not to pass through their hands. They are likewise declared incapable of filling any municipal office in their commune. If all punishments fail, a guardian is to be allotted to the children, and a co-guardian to wards, in order specially to watch over their education. Both Protestant and Roman Catholic ministers are enjoined to exhort parents to send their children regularly to school; and they are prohibited from admitting any children to their examinations for confirmation and communion, who do not produce certificates showing that they have finished their attendance at school, or that they still regularly attend it, or that they receive or have received a separate education.

From the American Monthly Magazine.

#### AMIAILITY.

There is no word more misapplied than "Amiability," nor any ingredient of our happiness so lightly considered, and yet so all-important as temper, which, though very much kept out of view, exercises so strong an influence over the trivial occurrences which make up the amount of life's enjoyment. Amiability is commonly applied to such as are of an equable temperament—whose resentments are not easily excited, nor when aroused, violently expressed. But though I might congratulate the possessor of such dispositions, I would not applaud them for the exercise of a virtue, in merely following the natural bias of temper. Besides, there is a true saying, "beware of the fury of the patient man; these smooth and quiet tempers are able to cherish a concentrated venomous feeling, which is any thing but amiable, and perhaps wounds the deeper, that it is expressed in cold and measured terms.

There are those who are generally called very good-hearted people. These are the volcanoes and whirlwinds of the domestic world, and because, after they have outraged the feelings of friends, inflicted violence and injustice upon their unhappy dependants, they condescend, when reason returns, to feel—perhaps confess, a late regret, they are termed good-hearted. Miserable they who share the goodness of such a heart! Others there are, who have been aptly likened to the continual dropping of rain; their ill temper does not vent itself in any one act of violence, but oozes out in perpetual peevishness. But many are the shapes that ill temper assumes, and all are dismal. By indulging in asperity of speech in trifling matters, we discover and aggravate ill temper. We would often excuse ourselves by urging that it is our way and manner; but that which renders another uneasy, for an instant, is an evil way. Neither is the assertion strictly true, *the manner of the moment is the feeling of the moment*. Away then with this insufficient plea: amend the temper, and the manner will be softened; cherish the spirit of gentleness, and kind words and a gentle demeanor will necessarily follow. The various cross accidents of life, and the petty vexations to which every one is exposed, occasion a constant demand upon the temper, and he who would pass usefully and pleasantly through the world, must acquire some government over his passions; for an unstable man, like a city without a wall, is at the mercy of fools and children, or like a helpless vessel, the sport of every passing wind. Our path is often rugged: sometimes so beset with difficulties that it is narrow too; some walk alone—some, surrounded with helpless beings, whose presence is at once their joy and their anxiety; while a few seem to howl through life, so even is their course; but all are mutually dependant for kindness; every one needs the cheering influence of good temper—the soothing charm of soft answers. How are the perplexities of business increased by the indulgence of unconciliatory dispositions. How many feuds and litigations arise from an easily offended spirit, or for want of a few calm words.

But it is in domestic life—man's last, holiest sanctuary, where, frightened from a selfish, clashing word, peace would seek an asylum, that temper would seem the dispenser of good or evil. Wearied, baffled, wronged and chagrined abroad, we may find consolation in the charities of home.—There, we are sure of sympathy; there, is faith unswerving; there, the welcoming hand, the listening ear: but let us beware that we introduce not evil temper within its sacred precincts; lest we excite terror instead of confidence, and find forced submission, in the place of sympathizing affection.—Who has not painfully felt the influence of ill temper over

his home enjoyments; how many a gloomy hour, a clouded brow, and silent meal, perhaps unkind word, may be traced to this prolific source of unhappiness. How frequently under its evil, perverse sway, do we wound the heart that we love. What bitter accents does passion prompt, whose imports we would fain recall: but like water poured upon the earth, they may not be gathered up. And how often do the looks of our friends, the fearful obedience of our menials, and even the monitor within, ask us—"Dost thou well to be angry?" This one defect will cloud the brightest qualities. The gift of genius, the pride of integrity, linked with unanimated feelings, may win distant admiration, but cannot secure to us the love of those around us: and where is the heart that is satisfied with cold applause—that seeks not some objects on which to repose its tenderness?

Worse than in vain too, are all religious professions, where the temper is unrestrained. Empty and unacceptable the most splendid offering, if, on the altar of sacrifice, we have not laid the spirit of anger: for surely, the first step towards the Source of Benevolence, must be the cultivation of His spirit. Pernicious as all will readily allow the effects of ill temper to be, to restrain and subdue it, needs no common effort—is no light task. Most other errors steal upon us gradually,—we have but little time to fortify our hearts; but this, as it were, takes us by surprise: hence the necessity of resolute vigilance.

#### "ALL FOR THE BEST."

No one can have lived long in the world, without having observed how frequently it happens, that events which, at the time they occurred, were the source of bitter disappointment, have, eventually, proved very blessings to us; and that many of those things which have been most anxiously desired, but which it has pleased God to withhold from us, would have proved, if granted, the origin of endless evils. The recollection of such circumstances in our own individual cases, while it renders us deeply grateful to Divine Providence for the *past*, should make us trust with perfect confidence to the same Infinite Wisdom, for the *future*.

It would be difficult to find an anecdote, perhaps, bearing more strongly on what we have just observed, than one that is mentioned in the Life of Bernard Gilpin—that great and good man, whose pious labors in the counties of Westmoreland, Cumberland, Northumberland, and York, at the period of the Reformation, procured for him the title by which he is still remembered in those parts, "The Apostle of the North." It appears that it was a frequent saying of his, when exposed to losses or troubles—"Ah, well! God's will be done: nothing happens that is not intended for our good: it is *all for the best*."

Towards the close of Queen Mary's reign, Bernard Gilpin was accused of heresy, before the merciless Bishop Bonner: he was speedily apprehended, and he left his quiet home, "nothing doubting, (as he said,) but that it was *all for the best*," though he was well aware of the fate that might await him; for we find him giving directions to his steward, "to provide him a long garment, that he might go the more comely to the stake," at which he would be burnt.

While on his way to London, by some accident he had a fall, and broke his leg, which put a stop for some time to his journey. The persons in whose custody he was, took occasion thence maliciously to retort upon him his habitual remark. "What, (said they,) is *this* all for the best? You say, master, that nothing happens which is not for our good;—think you your broken leg is so intended?"

"Sirs, I make no question but it is," was the meek reply; and so in very truth it proved; for before he was able to travel, Queen Mary died, the persecution ceased, and he was restored to his liberty and friends.

#### MAXIMS.

Where the law is the master and the magistrate its slave, there will be prosperity; but where the magistrate is the master, and the law his slave, confusion and desolation may be anticipated to flow from the union.

When the imagination is impure, every thing, even the most innocent, is construed to be vicious.

Those who complain of fortune not favoring them, have only themselves to blame, very often.

He who contradicts another, insinuates that he has more intelligence than the person contradicted—two disagreeable ideas are by this means raised: the one, that there is a want of information; the other, that there is an inferiority. The first humbles the individual who is contradicted, the second irritates and excites to jealousy.

Every excess of pleasure is followed by an equal degree of pain or languor. The spendthrift wastes not only his yearly income, but dips into his future means. The voluptuary shortens his life, or brings on disease and infirmity.

How apt are we to search for our happiness in other men's opinions. Can any thing be more ridiculous; inasmuch as experience must have taught us, that men are insincere, envious, capricious, prejudiced, and full of duplicity!

If those actions which are hidden from the world's eye be good, they are the finest of our lives.

He who leads a virtuous life, must live in a state of warfare with his own passions.



## THE MAGICIAN'S VISITOR.

It was at the close of a fine autumnal day, and the shades of evening were beginning to gather over the city of Florence, when a low quick rap was heard at the door of Cornelius Agrippa, and shortly afterward a stranger was introduced into the apartment in which the Philosopher was sitting at his studies.

The Stranger, although finely formed, and of courteous demeanor, had a certain indefinable air of mystery about him; which excited awe, if, indeed, it had not a repellent effect. His years it was difficult to guess, for the marks of youth and age were blended in his features in a most extraordinary manner. There was not a furrow in his cheek, nor a wrinkle on his brow, and his large black eye beamed with all the brilliancy and vivacity of youth; but his stately figure was bent, apparently beneath the weight of years; his hair, although thick and clustering, was gray; and though his voice was feeble and tremulous, yet its tones were of the most ravishing and soul-searching melody. His costume was that of a Florentine gentleman; but he held a staff like that of a Palmer in his hand, and a silken sash, inscribed with oriental characters, was bound around his waist. His face was deadly pale, but singularly beautiful.

"Pardon me, learned Sir," said he, addressing the Philosopher, "but your fame has travelled into all lands, and has reached all ears; and I could not leave the fair city of Florence, without seeking an interview with one who is its greatest boast and ornament."

"You are right welcome, Sir," returned Agrippa; "but I fear that your trouble and curiosity will be but ill repaid. I am simply one, who, instead of devoting my days, as do the wise, to the acquirement of wealth and honor, have passed long years in painful and unprofitable study; in endeavoring to unravel the secrets of Nature, and initiating myself in the mysteries of the occult sciences."

"Talkest thou of long years!" echoed the Stranger, and a melancholy smile played over his features: "thou, who hast scarcely seen fourscore, since thou leftest thy cradle, and for whom the quiet grave is now waiting, eager to clasp thee in her sheltering arms! I was among the tombs to-day, the still and solemn tombs: I saw them smiling in the last beams of the setting sun. When I was a boy, I used to wish to be like that sun; his career was so long, so bright, so glorious! But, to-day, I thought 'it is better to slumber among those tombs, than to be like him.' To-night, he sank behind the hills, apparently to repose; but to-morrow, he must renew his course, and run the same dull and unvaried, but toilsome and unquiet, race. There is no grave for him! and the night and morning dews, are the tears that he sheds over his tyrannous destiny."

Agrippa was a deep observer and admirer of external nature and of all her phenomena, and had often gazed upon the scene which the Stranger described; but the feelings and ideas which it awakened in the mind of the latter were so different from any thing which he had himself experienced, that he could not help, for a season, gazing upon him in speechless wonder. His guest, however, speedily resumed the discourse.

"But I trouble you, I trouble you; then to my purpose in making you this visit. I have heard strange tales of a wondrous Mirror, which your potent art has enabled you to construct, in which, whosoever looks, may see the distant, or the dead, on whom he is desirous again to fix his gaze. My eyes see nothing in this outward visible world, which can be pleasing to their sight: the grave has closed over all I loved; and Time has carried down its stream every thing that once contributed to my enjoyment. The world is a vale of tears; but among all the tears which water that sad valley, not one is shed for me! the fountain in my own heart, too, is dried up. I would once again look upon the face which I loved; I would see that eye more bright, and that step more stately, than the antelope's; that brow, the broad, smooth page on which God had inscribed his fairest characters. I would gaze on all I loved, and all I lost. Such a gaze would be dearer to my heart than all that the world has to offer me; except the grave! except the grave!"

The passionate pleading of the Stranger had such an effect upon Agrippa, who was not used to exhibit his miracle of art to the eyes of all who desired to look in it; although he was often tempted by exorbitant presents and high honors to do so; that he readily consented to grant the request of his extraordinary visitor.

"Whom wouldst thou see?" he inquired.

"My child! my own sweet Miriam!" answered the Stranger.

Cornelius immediately caused every ray of the light of heaven to be excluded from the chamber; placed the Stranger on his right hand, and commenced chanting, in a low soft tone, and in a strange language, some lyrical verses, to which the Stranger thought he heard occasionally a response; but it was a sound so faint and indistinct that he hardly knew whether it existed any where but in his own fancy. As Cornelius continued his chant, the room gradually became illuminated, but whence the light proceeded, it was impossible to discover. At length, the Stranger plainly perceived a large Mirror, which covered the whole of the extreme end of the apartment, and over the surface of which, a dense haze, or cloud, seemed to be rapidly passing.

"Died she in wedlock's holy bands?" inquired Cornelius.

"She was a virgin, spotless as the snow."

"How many years have passed away, since the grave closed over her?"

A cloud gathered on the Stranger's brow, and he answered somewhat impatiently, "Many, many! more than I have now time to number."

"Nay," said Agrippa, "but I must know; for every ten years that have elapsed since her death, once must I wave this wand; and when I have waved it for the last time you will see her figure in yon mirror."

"Wave on, then," said the Stranger, and groaned bitterly: "wave on; and take heed that thou be not weary."

Cornelius Agrippa gazed on his strange guest, with something of anger; but he excused his want of courtesy, on the ground of the probable extent of his calamities. He then waved his magic wand many times, but, to his consternation, it seemed to have lost its virtue. Turning again to the Stranger, he exclaimed, "Who, and what art thou, man?—Thy presence troubles me. According to all the rules of my art, this wand has already described twice two hundred years: still has the surface of the mirror experienced no alteration. Say, dost thou mock me, and did no such person ever exist, as thou hast described to me?"

"Wave on, wave on!" was the stern and only reply which this interrogatory extracted from the Stranger.

The curiosity of Agrippa, although he was himself a dealer in wonders, began now to be excited, and a mysterious feeling of awe forbade him to desist from waving his wand, much as he doubted the sincerity of his visitor. As his arm grew slack, he heard the deep and solemn tones of the Stranger, exclaiming, "Wave on, wave on!" and at length, after his wand, according to the calculations of his art, had described a period of nearly fifteen hundred years, the cloud cleared away from the surface of the mirror, and he gazed rapturously upon the scene which was there represented.

An exquisitely rich and romantic prospect was before him: in the distance, arose lofty mountains crowned with cedars; a rapid stream rolled in the centre; and in the foreground were seen camels grazing; a rill trickling by, in which some sheep were quenching their thirst; and a lofty palm-tree, beneath whose shade, a young female of exquisite beauty, and richly habited in the costume of the East, was sheltering herself from the rays of the noontide sun.

"'Tis she! 'tis she!" shouted the Stranger; and he was rushing towards the mirror, but was prevented by Cornelius, who said,—

"Forbear, rash man, to quit this spot! with each step that thou advancest towards the mirror, the image will become fainter, and shouldst thou approach too near, it will entirely vanish."

Thus warned, he resumed his station; but his agitation was so excessive, that he was obliged to lean on the arm of the Philosopher for support; while, from time to time, he uttered incoherent expressions of wonder, delight, and lamentation.

"'Tis she! 'tis she! even as she looked while living! How beautiful she is! Miriam, my child! canst thou not speak to me? By Heaven, she moves! she smiles! Oh! speak to me a single word! or only breathe, or sigh! Alas! all's silent: dull and desolate as this cold heart! Again that smile! that smile, the remembrance of which, a thousand years have not been able to freeze up in my heart! Old man, it is in vain to hold me! I must, will, clasp her."

As he uttered these last words, he rushed frantically towards the mirror; the scene represented within it faded away; the cloud gathered again over its surface, and the Stranger sunk senseless to the earth!

When he recovered his consciousness, he found himself in the arms of Agrippa, who was chafing his temples and gazing on him with looks of fear and wonder. He immediately rose on his feet, with restored strength, and, pressing the hand of his host, he said, "Thanks, thanks, for thy courtesy and thy kindness; and for the sweet but painful sight which thou hast presented to my eyes."

As he spoke these words, he put a purse into the hand of Cornelius; but the latter returned it, saying, "Nay, nay, keep thy gold, friend. I know not, indeed, that a Christian man dare take it; but, be that as it may, I shall esteem myself sufficiently repaid, if thou wilt tell me who thou art."

"Behold!" said the Stranger, pointing to a large historical picture which hung on the left hand of the room.

"I see," said the Philosopher, "an exquisite work of art, the production of one of our best and earliest artists, representing our Saviour carrying his cross."

"But look again!" said the Stranger, fixing his keen dark eyes intently on him, and pointing to a figure on the left hand of the picture.

Cornelius gazed, and saw with wonder what he had not observed before, the extraordinary resemblance which this figure bore to the Stranger, of whom, indeed, it might be said to be a portrait. "That," said Cornelius, with an emotion of horror, "is intended to represent the unhappy infidel who smote the divine sufferer for not walking faster; and was, therefore, condemned to walk the earth himself, until the period of that sufferer's second coming."

"'Tis I! 'tis I!" exclaimed the Stranger; and rushing out of the house, rapidly disappeared.

Then did Cornelius Agrippa know, that he had been conversing with the Wandering Jew!

## Editor's Correspondence.

## RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ADVOCATE.

NUMBER ONE.

## A FORCED MARRIAGE.

One of the first cases which I remember to have been engaged in, after entering my profession, was of that class, which is usually confided to the management of "young jurisprudents." Important cases, in the higher courts, are uniformly entrusted only to the old and experienced members of the profession. The parties, in the case which I am about to relate, belonged to the common class of society; and it possesses none of that interest, which is attached to causes, where the parties are highly distinguished, or where some flagrant offence has been committed.

A sheriff came into my office, in the Fall of the year 18—, in great haste; and stated that he had just arrested a pretty girl, for stealing; and that her trial would take place before a magistrate immediately: he was satisfied of her innocence, but she had no money to employ counsel; and without counsel, he thought she must be convicted. He concluded somewhat pathetically, by conjuring me to undertake her defence, for God's sake. I proceeded at once, to the office of the judicial dignitary, who was to pass upon the question of the guilt or innocence of the accused—all unprepared as I was, to defend a person that I knew not,—accused of a crime, which she had probably committed,—from which, I was not certain that I should derive any advantage either to my purse or my reputation. A large crowd had assembled; and the moment I entered the room, the magistrate had called out the accused, by name, and was proceeding to arraign her.

While he was employed in reading the formal and technical statement of the offence, as detailed with legal minuteness in the Complaint, I availed myself of the opportunity to scan the features of my client; to see if any of the usual indications of guilt were discoverable in her countenance or behavior. I expected to have found a woman, whose appearance would be at least suspicious; and who might be verily guilty, but who might haply be rescued from the clutches of the law, by some flaw in the Complaint, or in some other of those nameless modes, which the tender mercy of the Law has provided for the escape of delinquents. I saw, on the contrary, standing before me, with downcast and not tearless eyes, a female, neatly attired, apparently about seventeen years of age, fair-haired and "beautiful exceedingly." She had come forward at the solemn summons of the Judge, with that shrinking timidity which is characteristic of her sex, and had cast such a hesitating glance around her, that I verily thought she would have swooned. Her cheeks were pale; and young as she was, her features told too plainly that sorrow and disappointment had been feeding upon her young heart. It was impossible for any man to have looked upon her, standing in so fearful a situation, without feeling himself deeply interested in the result of the examination, which was now about to commence. If guilty, her character would be destroyed forever; and she would be consigned to prison with common felons.

While the magistrate read, with that slow, measured tone, which seems to be peculiar to the ministers of the Law, that the said Catharine had feloniously stolen one watch, one shawl, one necklace, one pair of bracelets, &c., from the dwelling-house of one C. T., being the proper goods and chattels of one George Williamson;—as the time, place and circumstances were each set forth, with minute fidelity, I observed that the audience turned curious and doubting eyes from the Judge to the criminal, as if they thought, that the circumstances could not be stated with so much accuracy, unless they were true; and yet, as if the charge must be absolutely false. She pleaded "not guilty," and I then entered my appearance as counsel.

No opportunity had been afforded me for private consultation with the prisoner; and I was content to proceed with the examination, at first, without it; reserving the right to an interview, in case the evidence should render it necessary: for I was not without strong hopes, that the failure of proof on the part of the prosecutor, might be so complete, as to require an acquittal without any rebutting testimony.

The first witness called, was the officer who had arrested



the prisoner. He simply produced the articles mentioned in the Complaint; which he stated he had found in her possession. The accuser, the author of the prosecution, was called; and straitway a brawny, athletic son of the fast anchored isle, George Williamson, walked into the centre of the room, with a degree of confidence and sang froid, which was strongly contrasted with the retiring modesty of the accused, and which assured me nothing but a most adroit cross-examination would be able to elicit from him any thing favorable to the defendant. Your cool, self-possessed witnesses are not easily managed.

He identified the stolen articles as his own, with sufficient clearness. He stated the number of the watch and the name of the maker; though he had not seen it, since the arrest; and it was quite certain that the property had once been in his possession. He then proceeded to state the circumstances of the robbery. He was boarding at a house in F—, about twenty miles distant from the scene of the trial where the defendant, also boarded:—he left his trunk in his room, on Saturday morning, locked, containing the stolen property. On going into his room, at noon, he found his trunk broken, these articles gone, and having learned that the defendant had left town the same morning, in the stage, his suspicions fell upon her:—he pursued, and came up with her at this place, where he had procured the present Warrant, and where the property had been recovered. All these facts were stated with perfect clearness; and more in detail than I have related them. There was no defect in the evidence; it was delivered roundly, and came quite up to the mark.—Judging it high time to learn whether any defence existed, I begged leave to retire a few moments, for consultation with my client.

Withdrawing into an adjoining room, I stated firmly, but I hope kindly, that upon this testimony, I saw no chance of escape:—that she must impeach the witness, or produce evidence that she came fairly by the property. She replied, that she could do neither the one nor the other:—that she was amongst strangers—she had no witnesses—and supposed she must submit to her fate; though she averred, that she was as innocent of that crime, as an angel in Heaven.—I begged her to account for the property's being in her possession. With evident reluctance, and with many tears, she gave me the outline of a story, which made the blood course swiftly through my veins.

Returning to the Court Room, I gave the accuser a glance, which told him that I knew all; and that it was now his turn to be put upon the rack. Without stating the grounds of my defence, which would have put him completely on his guard, I called upon him, in no gentle tones, to take the stand again. He came forward, with a kind of dogged resolution; through which, nevertheless, some little agitation was discoverable.

"I suppose," said I, "you never saw this young lady, before you met her at your boarding house in F—."

"Why—I—believe I saw her once, somewhere in Vermont, where she was at work in a factory," replied the witness, with an air of pretended forgetfulness.

"Were you not well acquainted with her in S—, in Vermont; and did you not frequently carry her out to ride, while you were living there?"

"If I did, I do n't know as 't is any of your business. I have invited a great many girls to ride, in my day."

"Very well answered. Are you in the habit of wearing a shawl?"

"No Sir."

"How happened you then to be the owner of this shawl?"

"I bought it, Sir, to present to my Aunt."

"Where does your Aunt live?"

"She lives in—in New-York."

"So then, you bought a shawl in Rhode-Island, to present to a person in New-York. When did you leave S—, for F—; and how did you travel from one place to the other?"

"I left, just three weeks ago, and came in the stage."

"Now, Sir, when did this young lady leave S—, and how did she travel?"

"How should I know?"

"But you *do* know, Sir; and you will please to answer the question."

The witness demurred and hesitated; and it was, at length,

wrung from him, with difficulty, that he and the young lady had left Vermont at the same time, travelled in the same stage, and stopped at the same boarding house in F—.

The examination was now rapidly coming to a focus. I had heretofore poured in short questions in rapid succession, so that he should have no time to think;—which is a great point in examining a suspicious witness:—but now, I paused a moment—laid down my pen, and put the following interrogatory, distinctly, slowly, and with some emphasis.

"Have you not promised this young woman marriage; and did you not induce her to go to F—, for the purpose of being there married; and did you not make her presents of these articles, during your courtship?"

To this question, the witness obstinately refused to make any answer: I was well satisfied with his silence. He could not answer No. That was enough. He had already admitted all the facts that were needed, whereupon to build a solid argument of defence.

The reader will now readily understand the amount of the story, that had been communicated to me, by my client; and which had so kindled my indignation. She was a Green Mountain Girl, who had come down to spend a few months in the factories, near the sea-board. The prosecutor in this case, had artfully planned her ruin—and had pursued his object long and patiently; he had, at length, enticed her to the distant village of F—, under the specious pretence that there he had obtained a station which would enable him to marry her at once;—she had fled from him, in horror, as soon as his diabolical designs were discovered; and he had resorted to this daring and desperate measure of arrest, in order to reclaim the bird which had almost escaped his toils.

It is needless to repeat the arguments which were addressed to the magistrate. He was bound to decide according to the law and the evidence; but I appealed to him, when I had fully exposed the infamous designs of the prosecutor, whether he would permit himself to be instrumental in replacing that young girl in the hands of a monster whose purposes were as evident, as they were black and infamous. "Convict her," said I, "and the prosecutor will tell her, that, on his terms, he will not appear as a witness against her at the higher tribunal, to which you must send her." When the Justice had pronounced a verdict of acquittal, which he did without a moment's hesitation, it was received by the assembly, with a storm of applause.

The sheriff took the young woman immediately to his own house. I had just left them, and was directing my steps towards my office, when the prosecutor came up, and accosted me. His face was perfectly livid with rage. I never saw such a demoniacal expression upon the face of man.—The animal had been thwarted in an object, which had long engrossed all his passions and hopes. He uttered the most horrid imprecations upon the girl, the Judge, and myself; and concluded by saying, "I'll follow her, I'll tackle her, where she won't find any lawyer." I made no reply; but passed into my office; where I had not been seated for ten minutes, before a dozen gentlemen, in a high state of excitement, came in, to inquire if something could not be done to prevent the villain from pursuing the girl. She had indeed every thing to fear. I stepped to my desk, filled a writ against Williamson, for a breach of promise of marriage; which it would have been difficult for the author to have read, a month afterwards; laying the damages at five thousand dollars; handed it to another officer who was in waiting; and in twenty minutes, the gentleman was securely lodged between the four walls of the county gaol. Certes, if he had possessed the strength of Samson, I know not what mischief he would have left unattempted. The prison-keeper described him as raging and chafing like an imprisoned tiger—less at his confinement, than that the tables had been so completely turned upon him;—that the very means, which he had taken, with such confidence of success, to get the young woman into his power, should have resulted in putting him completely into her own.

Deeming it prudent to permit the animal's fury to subside, before I made him a visit; and expecting, every day, to receive some liberal offer of compromise from him; I suffered a week to pass, without visiting the prison. But before I had time to do so, in the next week, what was my surprise, at seeing my lady client, at my rooms, all wreathed in smiles,

"full of life and light and joy." She had received a letter from Williamson, filled with protestations of love, and penitence, and everlasting fidelity,—renewing his offer of marriage; and she now wished to recal the powers plenipotentary, which she had given; and to take the matter into her own hands. What a denouement, thought I, to this tragi-comedy! But there could be, of course, no objection. What! oppose the union of two such loving hearts? At the especial request of both the parties, I had the honor of joining in the holy bands of matrimony, a couple, who, to say the least, had adopted a strange mode of manifesting their mutual regard. The bridegroom had accused the bride of theft—the bride, in her turn, had cast her lover into prison, for stealing her heart! The Roman soothsayers would have pronounced these auspices unhappy—*auspices infelices*—and it is my duty to say, that had they in the present instance, ventured that prediction, it would have been sadly verified.

S. T.

For the Literary Journal.

# FRAGMENTS OF A POETICAL EPISTLE.

TO A NEGLIGENT CORRESPONDENT.

In spite of all duns as you still are my debtor,  
As per last account rendered, for letter on letter,  
The amount is deserving of some little pains  
To find what fair prospect of payment remains.  
For in this, as in other departments of trade,  
If great care is not used, there's not much to be made.  
When old debts are not looked after closely, the profit  
Will soon be absorbed, every particle of it:  
While the debtor, too oft, to all dunning grown cold,  
Still accepting new *drafts* without paying the old,  
Sees the heap of demands rising fast on his table,  
Till the unanswered become unanswerable;  
So that, do what he will, he can find out no way  
E'en "preferred, confidential paper" to pay—  
And those who most freely have "lent him their names,"  
Receive but a very small part of their claims.

But still, I am confident, you will be found,  
Notwithstanding past errors, yet solvent and sound:  
And therefore, my strong hope and confident trust is,  
By some means or other, to bring you to justice.

I'd have sent you a missive more potent than this,  
And one which its object I think would not miss,  
Had we lived in those days when the Spirits of Night  
Were awake to the voice which could call them aright—  
Those marvellous days of incredible creeds,  
Of invisible sights and impossible deeds,  
Which you find all set forth—and the stock will not fail ye—  
In the wonderful pages of Mather's *Magnalia*—  
When hags came, at midnight, from many a league,  
Through the air, borne on broomsticks, to old Naumkeag;\*  
Those days, when such strange execution was done  
By some spell-created, prestigious gun,  
That he who but dared at its owner to scoff,  
Though but in a whisper and fifty miles off,  
Would have, smack, through and through him, that instant,  
no fewer  
Than a dozen tack-nails and an old iron skewer;  
And into his neck, heels, back, shoulders and shins,  
And point foremost each one, such a volley of pins,  
That whenever he was, whether up or abed,  
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head,  
Awake or asleep,—o'er each inch of his skin,  
Would feel like a porcupine turned outside-in.

As there surely can be no good reason, why I  
Should forever be writing, and you not reply—  
If, now, such queer deeds of enchantment once more  
Could be done, as they were in those good days of yore,  
Instead of this quill from the wing of a goose,  
I'd have something with power for a mightier use;  
For, in tracing these lines, my black pencil should be  
A tough and charred twig from a *witch-hazel tree*—  
My *inkstand* I'd cast from an old pewer cup,  
In which magical potions had oft been stirred up—

\*The Indian name of Salem.



My sand-box from a porringer burnt full of holes,  
In which herb-drink, for ages, had steeped on the coals—  
My ink, from the nutgalls which whirlwinds had flung  
From an old shattered oak where a wizard was hung—  
My lines should be ruled by the stick of a broom,  
Snapped short in the air on some errand of doom :—  
Then paper I'd have, every atom of which  
Should be made of old linen cast off by a witch ;  
Which had been, at some midnight camp-meeting of hags,  
Wet with dew, torn by briers, and danced into rags.

And when my epistle was fairly engrossed,  
Sealed up strongly with sulphur, and waiting the post,  
Above the direction my fist I would shake,  
And some incantation like this, I would make.

Your message is ready—no longer delay :—  
Still and swift as the lightning, depart on your way.  
Preserve undiminished your magical spell,  
Till you're borne to the presence of W— L— ;  
And when with his body in contact you come,  
When you feel the first touch of his finger and thumb,  
Let your power swiftly dart through his sinews and veins,  
And find if one spark of his conscience remains :  
Around that, let your bands of enchantment enfold,  
Like the clench of the miser when grasping his gold ;  
And let them sink deep, in their potency, there,  
Till they bring a reply to the message you bear.

So, my friend, you had better take warning betimes—  
And the next time you read, please to answer, my rhymes.  
As to witchcraft,—at present, be under no fear :  
You will find no dark spell sent to injure you, here.  
And however my magical letter might harm you,  
I fear that this scrawl has not much power to charm you.  
But whatever the thoughts it may seem to express,  
I am, yours, notwithstanding and nevertheless.

## THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

EDITED BY ALBERT G. GREENE.

PROVIDENCE, SATURDAY, MARCH 1, 1834.

### HISTORICAL NOTICES

OF THE PRINCIPAL MATERIALS AND METHODS, WHICH HAVE BEEN USED  
AND ADOPTED, FOR THE PRESERVATION OF

### WRITTEN LANGUAGE.

NUMBER ONE.

Introduction.—Sources of information respecting the Materials most anciently used in Writing.—General character of the information upon the subject, contained in the ancient authors.—Hieroglyphics.—Use of palm leaves, of the bark of trees, and of linen.—The Stylus and Waxen Tablets.—Ancient Methods of communicating Secret Intelligence.—Balls and plates of Lead.—The Scytala.—Greek Tablets containing the Public Laws.—The Thesmophete, &c.

The experience of the world attests the truth of the observation, that most of those discoveries and inventions which have materially altered the condition of society, or which have proved important accessories to its advancement, are very plain and simple in their nature, and of easy and direct adaptation to the wants of mankind.

This very simplicity of nature and easiness of application, is the great reason why the origin and early progress of many useful and valuable discoveries have become veiled and shrouded in impenetrable obscurity.

It is owing to this cause, more than to any other, that many of the arts whose inventions were of very high antiquity, and which have been gradually adapting themselves to meet the wants of advancing society, have pursued their silent and generally unnoticed course ; at some periods, rising to high degrees of refinement, and at others, in the revolutions of time, sinking into comparative rudeness and insignificance ; but being so simple in their principles, and of so extensive application, and apparently so natural to a state of social life, under whatever modification ; that there never appeared any immediate necessity for recording their progress, or describing their condition. They have thus, often received but slight attention from History ; and we can now only ascertain their degree of advancement, the materials which they employed, or their methods of operation, at any

given period, by an examination of the few productions which they have left ; or trace their progress from age to age, and from nation to nation, by the vague and uncertain allusions, and incidental remarks and references of cotemporary authors.

But, to a reflecting mind, the fact that any production of human skill, or result of human invention, has been instrumental in producing great and lasting effects upon the condition of mankind, is, of itself, a sufficiently exciting cause of inquiry into its origin and history :—and, in many cases, the very limited number and extent of the sources of information, only excites its desire for further examination and research ; and increases the intensity of its grasp upon the facts which are within its reach.

These reflections naturally arise from a consideration of our present subject. We propose to offer a few brief sketches, comprising a general view of the principal Materials which have been used for the reception, and the Methods which have been employed for the transmission and preservation, of Written Language.

It is in vain to inquire when and where the first rudiments of Writing were invented ; or what were the materials first employed for its purposes. Written or sculptured symbols of thought, must, at least in some rude degree, have soon followed the establishment of oral symbols. Even in regard to those substances which we know were early used for such purposes, it is, for the reasons before stated, impossible to give any definite and certain information ; or to say, to what far distant period of unexplored antiquity, their first use may be ascribed.

In the works of the ancients, references are frequently made to writings or engravings on tablets of stone and lead, on bricks, and on thin leaves or plates of wood. Josephus, Herodotus, and the Roman authors, Livy, Pliny, Lucan, and many others, contain frequent allusions of that kind : and books of the very earliest date, including those of the Old Testament, yield frequent references to similar customs.

Job is represented as saying, "Oh, that my words were now written : oh, that they were printed in a book : that they were engraven with an iron pen and lead, in the rock, forever." Horace, in his Art of Poetry, mentions several things which he says "were deemed wisdom of yore," and among these, refers to the "engraving of Laws upon tablets of wood." Almost every ancient author contains some allusion of this nature. It should not, however, be forgotten, that most of that limited number of the ancient writers whose pages have survived the ravages of time, are those whose subjects are of a high and powerful tone. They speak of the destinies of kingdoms, of the revolutions of empire, of the domestic rule of the tyrant, and the foreign march of the conqueror :—not of the pursuits of Science or the quiet progress of Art : not of those whose labors have been directed to advance, but of those whose deeds and policy have too often impeded the researches and the industry of the mind : of those by whom these peaceful labors were interrupted, and in whose wild career, the volumes in which the histories of improvement and invention had been treasured, were forever scattered and destroyed.

The ancient authors, therefore, when mentioning such subjects, refer, in most instances, to the more durable only among the substances which had been used for the reception and preservation of written thought. They allude to the enduring monuments of the warrior and the king ;—to the brazen tablet, the marble pediment, the granite pyramid, the obelisk and the trophied column : they afford but little direct information respecting the more perishable substances which were, at the same periods, used for the purposes of Writing, in the more ordinary pursuits of life ; a knowledge of which would be of far greater value, during our researches into the history of Science and the Arts.

Such then, together with the ancient erections and monumental inscriptions which still remain, are the sources of information from which later writers have drawn the materials for their histories and treatises of early art : and the conclusion has often been too hastily adopted and enforced, that those early nations who we are told were accustomed to record their ideas on substances furnished directly by nature, were not sufficiently advanced in knowledge, and did not possess sufficient practical skill, to enable them to adopt and

use for similar purposes, other substances requiring the preparations and compositions of more nature art. But can this be so? Can any people have ever arrived at a degree of refinement in the theory, and of skill in the practice, of all those arts which must have been requisite to enable them to erect the massy temple, to raise the ponderous column, and to place upon them the inscriptions of a written language ; and have still remained during the whole period of their advancement, so miserably deficient in invention, that they were unable to adopt any more convenient and portable materials for ordinary writing, than blocks of wood, plates of brass and lead, bricks, and tables of stone and marble?—These were, of course, employed, to perpetuate those records which might have become lost or obliterated, if entrusted to more perishable materials : but still, the most natural application of writing, when reduced to a system, must have been first to the wants of the present, rather than to the remembrance of the past ; and the first materials employed to receive it, rather those best adapted to immediate use, than those intended for future durability.

It is now understood, and the extensive discoveries of modern times are continually affording new proofs of the fact, that the ancient Egyptians employed in their writing, three distinct kinds of characters. The first class were the figures which are known as the pure hieroglyphics, which were pictures or actual representations of objects ; and were used in their inscriptions intended for great durability, on their monuments and temples :—the second have been designated as the hieratic ; being symbols and figures in use only among the priests and the more learned among the higher classes of the people :—to the third, has been given the appellation of the demotic ; these were the characters in more general use, and applied to more ordinary purposes. The two latter classes were probably but modifications of the first ; gradually introduced, by the omission and abridgement of parts of their original hieroglyphics. The fact that the pure hieroglyphics were so far abridged, as to produce another set of symbols, of more arbitrary shapes and more easily formed, and that these were farther altered and curtailed, in order to facilitate their still more rapid and extended use, proves almost incontestibly, that some substance must have been used for their reception, on which they could be traced or written with facility and despatch.

There are inscriptions still remaining on the monumental erections of Egypt, which were probably executed before the earliest period at which any convenient material for ordinary writing is known to have been used : but we can scarcely conceive the possibility of the fact, that the pure hieroglyphics, even before the more arbitrary Egyptian alphabets had been formed, could have been combined in a style so regular, as to have been used in an inscription intended to endure and to be read for ages ; until long after they had been applied to more temporary purposes, and traced or written on materials of a far more light and perishable nature.

The substance whose use can with certainty be ascribed to the most remote period, as a material for ordinary writing, is the leaf of the palm tree : the next appears to have been the soft, inner bark of trees ;—hence the Latin word *liber*, bark, was used to signify a book. Both these substances were in use at an early date, among the Egyptians and the nations of India : and indeed, the practice of manufacturing a species of paper from the leaves of certain trees, was continued in some of the central provinces of India, until a very late period. Some preparatory process was, of course, necessary to render either of these substances fit for the reception of writing ; but respecting the nature of that process, the agents employed in effecting it, and the degree of adaptation to its purposes, to which the finished fabric was brought at any given period ; we are, and probably shall ever remain, entirely ignorant.

Afterwards, linen cloth, or a preparation of flax appears to have been used in Egypt ; and at the same time, it was a custom to prepare tablets of wood, or of some other light material, which were coated with a thin covering of wax, on which the characters were drawn with a sharp metallic instrument : one end of which, terminating in a point, was used in tracing the letters ; and the other, being flattened, was used in obliterating any thing which the writer might



wish to alter or amend. This instrument was called the stylus.

In the year 1817, a number of vases and cinerary urns were discovered near the Lake Albano in Italy. They were found in the earth, together with a number of utensils and implements of brass; the whole supposed to be of very great antiquity. It was even contended by some of the Italian antiquaries, that they must have been in existence before the foundation of Rome. Among these, was a stylus of a different construction from any which had been preserved in the cabinets of Italy. One of its ends terminates with the usual point, while the other bears a resemblance to the head of a lance. "The obliterating part is separate, and slides on the body of the stylus, so that it can be removed or attached, at pleasure.

The use of waxen tablets was continued for a great length time. They were common among the Egyptians and the Greeks, and were used by the Romans until a very late period of their history. They were retained long after the general use of Egyptian paper and parchment; and were employed for the reception of any temporary writing, or of that which might need correction before being transferred in its perfect state to some more durable material. The Romans frequently carried with them, small tablets of box-wood, ivory or parchment, covered with white or colored wax, and fitted to frames similar to those of modern slates; any requisite number of them being attached together in the form of a book. The later Roman classics contain many allusions to the use of the stylus and tablets, as being common in their own times. Horace says,

"Oft turn your stylus, if you wish to write  
Things which will bear twice reading."

The English word "style" is derived from the stylus. The significations of this, together with those of other modern words derived from the same source, afford a curious example of the changes which are effected by the revolutions of time. The English word, among other significations, is used to denote the various titles and appellations of an individual of rank: the descriptive titles and additions to the name of a king, for instance, are called his "style." It was long contrary to the laws of Rome, for any person to appear armed in the streets of the city:—on occasions of sudden quarrel, the stylus was used as a weapon of attack; and deadly wounds were frequently given with its sharp point:—hence originated the modern Italian word *stiletto*. And thus, the simple original implement of the peaceful and secluded scholar, is used to denote the highest degree and titles of honor, and the peculiar instrument of dark and secret murder.

Herodotus informs us, that after Xerxes had planned his invasion of Greece, Demaratus, a Greek, who was at Susa, being acquainted with his design, determined, if possible, to give notice of it to the Lacedæmonians; an undertaking of great difficulty and danger; which he however accomplished, by removing the wax from two tablets, and tracing the intelligence upon the wood. He then replaced the wax, and sent them to Sparta, as a pair of empty tablets. They passed unsuspected through the Persian soldiers, and were safely delivered according to his wishes. The expedient, however, nearly failed of success; as the Lacedæmonians found it very difficult to derive much information from the unwritten surface of the wax. But the secret which had remained undiscovered by the Persian generals and the Grecian statesmen, was soon penetrated by female acuteness. The wife of Leonidas determined to thoroughly examine the mysterious tablets: she ordered the wax to be removed; and read the secret which had been concealed beneath:—the warning thus conveyed, was soon circulated throughout Greece; and the nation was in arms, awaiting the approach of her invader.

Having been led by the course of our subject, to notice this historical anecdote, which has been handed down to us, on account of the important events with which it was connected, and was probably but one among thousands of similar practices; it may not be improper in this connexion, to briefly refer to some few other methods in use among the nations of antiquity, for the conveyance of secret written intelligence.

In those days when battles were generally decided hand to hand, and by the actual contact of opposing forces; it was frequently the case, that the soldiers in a besieged city were in sight of their friends, who could not approach to their aid, on account of the intermediate ranks of their enemies. In such situations, it was a common practice, to attach a piece of writing to an arrow, which was then thrown from one of their most powerful engines, over the heads of the opposing army, to some spot where it might be reached by the friends of the besieged. Balls of lead were also frequently inscribed with the necessary intelligence, and discharged from slings. Plates of lead were often sent by divers; in this manner a correspondence was effected between Decimus Brutus and his friends, while he was besieged by Antony, at Mutina. Instances are frequently to be found in the pages of ancient history, in which similar means for communicating important intelligence, were successfully employed.

Another method was, to use milk, or some other slightly adhesive and colorless matter, instead of ink; on which fine soot was thrown by the person to whom the scroll was sent; when its apparently unwritten surface would become instantly legible.

It was a custom of the magistrates in some of the Grecian cities, when a general was to be sent on foreign service, to provide two wooden rods or staves, made perfectly round, and each exactly corresponding with the other, in length and diameter; one of which was retained by themselves, and the other given to the general: to these rods they gave the appellation of *scytala*. When any secret despatch was to pass between the city and the army, a long strip of the material which was to contain the writing, was prepared, and made of equal length throughout its whole extent. This was wound closely and carefully around the *scytala*, in a spiral form; in which position it received the writing. On being removed, the words and letters became so broken and imperfect, as to be entirely illegible. When received by the party for whose use it was intended, it was wound in the same manner around the corresponding rod, and read in that position. The baton of the modern field-marshal and general, still carried as a badge of office, is supposed to have originated from the ancient *scytala*.

It was a custom of the Greeks, to engrave their public laws on tablets for the use of the people. The Laws of Solon, who flourished about six hundred years before Christ, were traced on plates of wood, and deposited in oblong cases; in order, as Plutarch says, that they might be "turned over;" from which expression, it appears probable that the tablets were inscribed on both sides, like the leaves of a modern book. Afterwards, the Athenians engraved their most important laws on stone; one law sometimes filling several tablets. These were fastened to the walls of the Citadel, or erected in the Prytæneum or place for the public assembly of the citizens. Duplicates were also deposited in the Royal Portico; a custom which was continued until after the expulsion of the Thirty Tyrants. The tablets containing the Civil Laws were generally square, while those which contained the laws relating to Religion were usually made in a triangular form.

After the preparation of the Laws of Solon, the Senate, in a body, bound themselves by oath, to establish and maintain them; and a particular class of officers, called *Thesmotheta*—Guardians of the Laws, or Protectors of the Tablets, were appointed; being selected from among the most trustworthy and responsible men in the city; whose express duty it was to preserve the Laws in a legible form, and to protect the tablets from mutilation and decay. Each of these officers, before entering upon his duty, made oath in the public market-place; that for every stone which he allowed to be broken, he would present to the temple at Delphi, a golden statue of equal weight with himself. In order that the full extent of this obligation may be understood, it may be proper to mention; that at the time when this office was established, gold was so scarce in Greece, that the Spartans having been ordered by the Oracle, to gild the face of their statue of Apollo, inquired in vain for gold throughout their whole country; and were directed by the Pythoness, to buy some of Croesus, King of Lydia.

## PERIODICALS.

**THE KNICKERBOCKER: New-York.**—With the facilities which are enjoyed by the publishers of the Knickerbocker, for rendering it a work of really high value; and with the ability and taste which it frequently displays; it is to be regretted, that so many of its pages are regularly devoted to a course of self-puffing and unmeaning gasconade respecting its own unrivalled merits. This certainly adds nothing to its present value, nor will it tend much to insure its future success. If this Magazine is really a comparatively inferior production, it does not deserve the high self-encumbrance of which it is so profuse: and if, as we are told by its managers, it is the best work of its kind in the country,—it surely does not need them. Be its relative merits, however, what they may, this ridiculous and unceasing boasting, about what it has been formerly, and what it is now, and what it is going to be, by and by; and about those who have written for it, and those who do write for it, and those they expect to write for it, and those they wish to write for it; is unworthy the character which such a work ought to sustain.

**COLLEGE MAGAZINES.**—Several of the periodicals which have been established in our Universities, exhibit proofs of industry, talent, and good taste, which are very creditable to their young editors. Among the number, we have been particularly gratified with the perusal of the *Parthenon*, from Union, the *Talisman*, from Hamilton, the *Philomathesian*, from Middlebury, and the *Hermethenean*, from Washington College. Between these four, all of which so well deserve support, it is unnecessary for us to institute a comparison: but we render them no more than justice, when we say, that each of them contains articles which are, in every respect, superior to much that is contained in some of the more popular Magazines, whose conductors arrogantly claim to be leaders of the periodical literature of their country.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Want of room alone prevented us from replying, last week, to the communication of *QUERY*, who has conferred a favor by calling our attention to an error which occurred in one of the short communications inserted in the thirty-fifth Number, under the head of "Melange." The article referred to, entitled "Importance of a Comma," contained an historical anecdote relating to the death of one of the early kings of England. The writer erred in referring the facts to Edward the First and his queen Eleanor. *Query* is correct in his observations respecting the character of this princess, which was widely different from that of the base and unprincipled woman to whom the writer of the anecdote intended to refer. This was Isabel, the queen of Edward the Second, or Edward of Caernarvon; and the writer's mistake consisted in naming the queen of the first, instead of the second Edward.

The atrocious manner in which Edward of Caernarvon was put to death, is mentioned in all the English histories which relate to the period of his unhappy reign. The vile character of Isabel, the circumstances attending the conspiracy between herself, her favorite Mortimer, and some of the English nobles, to depose the King; his subsequent imprisonments and terrible fate, are all familiar to the readers of English History. Respecting the consultation of the Pope by the conspirators; and the answer sent them by him, in which the alteration of the comma was made by the papal legate; the facts are contained in an English work, entitled "Anecdotes, Literary and Miscellaneous."

FOR THE NEXT NUMBER.

Notice of Hitchcock's Geology of Massachusetts.  
Remarks on Genius.

## CONTENTS OF THIS NUMBER.

**ORIGINAL PAPERS.**—Recollections of An Advocate, No. I: (A Forced Marriage.)—Notices of the Materials and Methods which have been used and employed for the preservation of Written Language: No. I.—Periodicals. *Poetry*—Fragments of a Poetical Epistle.

**SELECTIONS.**—Athens.—Pilgrimage of Poets to the Stream of Castaly.—Sources of Poverty.—Amiability.—Education in Prussia.—"All for the Best."—Maxims.—The Magician's Visitor.—Aubrey's Account of Shakespeare and Ben Jonson. *Poetry*—The Last Man.—Resignation.—Song.



## Miscellaneous Selections.

## THE LAST MAN.

BY THOMAS CAMPBELL.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,  
The sun himself must die,  
Before this mortal shall assume  
Its immortality!  
I saw a vision in my sleep,  
That gave my spirit strength to sweep  
Adown the gulf of Time!  
I saw the last of human mould,  
That shall Creation's death behold,  
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare,  
The Earth with age was wan,  
The skeletons of nations were  
Around that lonely man!  
Some had expir'd in fight,—the brands  
Still rusted in their bony hands;  
In plague and famine, some!  
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;  
And ships were drifting with the dead,  
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet like, that lone one stood,  
With dauntless words and high,  
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,  
As if a storm pass'd by;  
Saying, we are twins in death, proud Sun,  
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,  
'T is mercy bids thee go.  
For thou ten thousand thousand years,  
Hast seen the tide of human tears  
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee, man put forth  
His pomp, his pride, his skill;  
And arts that made fire, flood, and earth,  
The vassals of his will;—  
Yet mourn I not thy parted way,  
Thou dim discredited king of day:  
For all those trophied arts  
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,  
Healed not a passion or a pang  
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall  
Upon the stage of men;  
Nor with thy rising beams, recal  
Life's tragedy again.  
Its piteous pageants bring not back;  
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack  
Of pain, anew to writhe;  
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorred,  
Or mown in battle by the sword,  
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Ev'n I am weary in yon skies  
To watch thy fading fire;  
Last of all sunless agonies,  
Behold not me expire.  
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—  
Their rounded gasp and gurgling breath  
To see, thou shalt not boast.  
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall—  
The majesty of Darkness shall  
Receive my parting ghost;

This spirit shall return to Him  
That gave its heavenly spark;  
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim,  
When thou thyself art dark!  
No! it shall live again, and shine  
In bliss unknown to beams of thine;  
By Him recall'd to breath,  
Who captive led Captivity,  
Who robbed the grave of Victory—  
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up  
On Nature's awful waste,  
To drink this last and bitter cup  
Of grief, that man shall taste—  
Go, tell the night that hides thy face,  
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,  
On Earth's sepulchral clod,  
The darkening universe defy  
To quench his immortality,  
Or shake his trust in God!

## RESIGNATION.

"No! I will weep no more;  
Pour on! I will endure."—LEAR.

Spring hath its flowers—its hour of bloom,  
Its balmy airs of odoriferous sigh;  
Awhile they shed their sweet perfume,  
A little while—and then they die;

And when, for e'er, that hour hath fled,  
And wintry storms the sky obscure,  
When raged the tempest, still I said,  
"Pour on! I will endure."

Youth hath its pleasures—brightly beam  
On fancy's eye, life's flowery ways;  
And Love and Hope and Beauty's gleam,  
Enchantment throw on distant days.  
Yet have I seen those prospects fade,  
Though youth had deem'd the promise sure;  
And midst the wreck of Feeling, said  
"Pour on; I will endure."

Man may be happy—I have known  
When pleasure's cup I freely quaff'd;  
When joy's bright sunshine round me shone,  
Untasted sorrow's bitter draught.  
But deadly Persecution sped  
Her poisonous shaft with aim too sure;  
My heart hath wither'd—yet I said,  
"Pour on! I will endure."

Life is a shadow—soon the sun  
That casts it to the earth, shall set;  
And man, a few brief glasses run,  
His joys and sorrows shall forget.  
Yet there is hope, when life has fled,  
Of blissful realms, and pleasures pure;  
And in that hope through life, I've said,  
"Pour on! I will endure."

## SONG.

O let me hush thy tender fears,  
That prophecy our love's decay;  
And wipe away those falling tears,  
That all thy timid doubts betray.

What though the wings of each fleet hour,  
Shall brush some transient charm away;  
Think not, my love, to lose thy power—  
The soul that won, can ne'er decay.

Still glowing on thy cheek, I'll find  
The lingering blush of passion's dye;  
And, beaming from thy kindling mind,  
A ray still brighter in thine eye.

From Aubrey's Manuscripts, preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford.

## ACCOUNT OF SHAKSPEARE AND BEN JONSON.

MR WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

"William Shakspeare's father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore, by some of the neighbors, that when he was a boy, he exercised his father's trade; but when he killed a calf, he would do it in a *high style*, and make a speech. This William being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guess about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the play-houses, and did act exceedingly well. (Now Ben Jonson was never a good actor, but an excellent instructor.) He began early to make essays in dramatic poetry, which at that time was very low, and his plays took well. He was a handsome, well shaped man, verie good company, and of a very ready, and pleasant, and smooth wit. The humor of the constable, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, he happened to take at Crendon, in Bucks, (I think it was midsummer night that he happened to be there,) which is the road from London to Stratford, and there was living that constable, about 1642, when I came first to Oxon. Mr Jos. Howe is of the parish, and knew him. Ben Jonson and he did gather humors of men, wherever they came. One time, as he was at the tavern at Stratford, Mr Combes, an old usurer, was to be buried; he makes them this extemporary epitaph upon him:—

'Ten in the hundred the Devill allowes,  
But Combes will have twelve, he swears and he vows;  
If any aske who lies in this tombe,  
Hoh! quoth the Devill, 'tis my John O'Combe.'

"He was wont to go to his native country once a yeare.—I think I have been told that he left neare three hundred pounds to a sister. He understood Latin pretty well, for he had been, in his younger yeares, a school-master in the country."

MR BENJAMIN JONSON, POET-LAUREAT.

"I remember when I was a scholar at Trin. Coll. Oxon, 1646, I heard Mr Ralph Bathurst, (now Dean of Wells,) say, that Ben Jonson was a Warwickshire man. 'Tis agreed that his father was a minister; and by his epistle D. D. of *Every Man*—to Mr William Camden, that he was a Westminster scholar, and that Mr Camden was his school-master. His mother, after his father's death, married a brick-layer; and 'tis generally said, that he wrought some time with his father-in-law, and particularly on the garden wall of Lincolns Inn, next to Chancery lane; and that a knight, a bencher, walking through, and hearing him repeat some Greeke verses out of Homer, discoursing with him, and finding him to have a witt extraordinary, gave him some exhibition to maintain him at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was —; then he went into the Lowe

Countreys, and spent some time, not very long, in the armie, not to the disgrace of it, as you may find in his epigrammes. Then he came into England, and acted and wrote at the Green Curtaine, (but both ill;) a kind of nursery, or obscure play-house, somewhere in the suburbs, (I think towards Shoreditch or Clarksnewell.) Then he undertooke againe to write a play, and did hit it admirably well; viz. *Every Man* —, which was his first good one. Sergeant Jo. Hoskins, of Herefordshire, was his father. I remember his sonne (Sir Bennet Hoskins, baronet, who was something poetical in his youth,) told me, that when he desired to be adopted his sonne, "No," said he, "t'is honor enough for me to be your brother. I am your father's sonne; 't was he that polished me, I doe acknowledge it." He was (or rather had been,) of a cleare and fair skin; his habit was very plaine. I have heard Mr Lacy, the player, say, that he was wont to weare a coate like a coachman's coate, with slits under the arm-pits. He would many times excede in drinke: Canarie was his beloved liquor; then he would tumble home to bed, and when he had thoroughly perspired, then to studie. I have seen his studyeing chair, which was of strawe, such as old women used, and as Aulus Gellius is drawn in. When I was in Oxon, Bishop Skynner, (Bp. of Oxon,) who lay at our coll., was wont to say, that he understood an author as well as any man in England. He mentions, in his epigrammes, a sonne that he had, and his epitaph. Long since, in King James's time, I have heard my uncle Davers (Danvers,) say, who knew him, that he lived without Temple-barre, at a comb-maker's shop, about the Eleph<sup>h</sup> Castle. In his later time, he lived in Westminster, in the house under which you passe, as you goe out of the Church-yard into the Old Palace, where he dyed. He lies buried in the north aisle, the path of square stones; the rest is lozenge, opposite to the scutcheon of Robertus de Ros, with this inscription only on him, in a pavement square, of bleu marble: 'O RARE BEN JONSON;' which was done at the charge of Jack Young, afterwards knighted; who, walking there when the grave was covering, gave the fellow eighteen pence to cutt it."

DANGER OF LEARNING GREEK AND HEBREW.—Villers, in his Essay on the Reformation by Luther, has the following curious passage: "The faculty of theology, at Paris, declared before the assembled parliament, that religion was undone, if the study of Greek and Hebrew were permitted. But the language of the monks of those days, is still more amusing. Thus we are informed by Conrad of Heresbach, a very grave and respectable author of that period, that one of their number is said to have expressed himself: "They have invented a new language, which they call Greek; you must be carefully on your guard against it; it is the mother of all heresy. I observe in the hands of many persons, a book written in that language, which they call the *New Testament*. It is a book full of daggers and poisons. As to the Hebrew, my dear brethren, it is certain that all those who learn it, immediately become Jews."

BAPTISM OF BELLS.—Bells were introduced into the Christian Church, to give the signals for divine worship, in the sixth century, and were the subject of pious donations.—He that gave the greatest bell, claimed the most merit. In latter ages, they were rung for persons in the agonies of death; for the purpose of driving off the devil; for, according to the ideas of people in those days, evil spirits were always hovering around, to make a prey of departing souls; and the tolling of bells was supposed to strike them with terror. In consequence of these superstitions, it was thought necessary to baptize or consecrate bells in a solemn manner, in honor of a certain saint. It is supposed that Pope John XIII. introduced this custom, in 968, when he consecrated a great bell in the Lateran, and named it John. There is now an old bell in England, on which is inscribed: "*Hæc nova campana Margareta est nominata.*" This new bell is named Margareta.

Another object for which the bell was tolled when any one was passing out of this life, was to obtain the prayers of all who heard it, for the repose of their departing neighbor.—The practice of tolling bells during funerals, may be traced to this source.

St. Pierre, in his 'Harmonies of Nature,' has the following strange paragraph.

"The Earth, in its daily and annual progress, lays open in a spiral form, the circumference of its two hemispheres, which the Sun surrounds with its rays as with threads of gold stretched on a machine. The moon crosses them, like a celestial shuttle, and binds them together with her silver streaks. The vegetable and animal world feel this influence, and come forth, grow and perpetuate their species, by these solar and luni-solar harmonies!"

## THE LITERARY JOURNAL.

Is published every Saturday, at No. 9, Market Square, Providence, R. I. Terms—Two dollars and fifty cents per annum, if paid in advance; or three dollars, at the end of the year. Every person obtaining six subscribers, and being responsible for the same, will be entitled to receive a seventh copy, gratis. All letters and communications on business, are to be directed, post paid, to

J. KNOWLES & Co.  
Publishers and Proprietors.